THE FORGED COUPON



## PART ONE.

Pador Mikhailovich Smokovnikov, fully, airman of the Court of the Exchequer, man of incorruptible honesty and can't wait. I'll make another attempt." d of it, dismally liberal, and not only freethinker but despising any manithat Fedor Mikhailovich had she immediately refused him. hold and sharp reply.

At home it seemed to Fedor Mikhail-

It was five minutes of 5. He had expected that dinner would be served at his father mmediately, but the dinner was not yet or and went into his room. Some one know that I will go to a friend knocked at his door. "Who the deuce is there now?" he thought, but shouted: Who is there?

wouth of 15, the son of Fedor Mikhail-

with, entered the room. "What do you want?"

"What? Money?"

and did not take the money. Papa, please give me some in ad-

"What?" sed. As an honest man I cannot ot ask -- That is, I would not ask, eye Please, papa."

I have told you-But, papa, only this time."

You are getting an allowance of three your age I wasn't getting even half a will have 12.50. "All my friends are getting more now

ables a month. And I am telling you that if you will

"That's all you say. But you never coupon with the fingers of his left hand.

put vourself in my position be forced to become a scoundrel. It's easy for you to speak."

"Get out, you good for nothing. Go!" Feier Mikhailovich jumped up and He looked at Makhin's face. Makhin rushed toward his son.

'det out! You deserve to be whipped." the son became frightened and rigered, but he was more angered than frightened, and bending his head he talked out of the room quickly. Fedor one around the corner, where they sell but he was glad of his anger, and as need a frame for this person." he escorted his son he kept scolding him

udly for some time. en the maid came in and announced dinner was ready Fedor Mikhailorose from his seat.

And he went into the dining room

gray that she became silent. The son students entered, surveying the empty

e case from the box, filled one, and 20 copeks. about two hours without under- ruble?" g anything. Then he got up, and g his heels commenced to pace lady with dignity. d and saw him just now. "Good! ing! You deserve to be whipped!" commenced to examine the coupon with more he thought of it the more her short sighted eyes. he was at his father. He recalled s father told him: "I see that you said Makhin, turning to Mitya. rn out to be a scoundrel. You

I will turn out to be a scoun-

he thought. easy for him to speak. He has cash it." how he acted when he was What crime have I committed? went to the theatre, I had no are trying to pass counterfeit money?" so I borrowed it from Petya What wrong was there Another father would have rry, would have questioned me but he only scolds me and thinks but himself. When he wants g he shouts all over the house, a scoundrel. No. Although he a ten ruble bill and stirring the change ather I do not tove him. I don't with her hand picked out six twenty whether everybody feels that copek pieces and two five copek pieces.

I do not love him." maid knocked at his door. She him a note.

asked for an answer without fail."

have the rest. I'll give it back to you." his account with him.

> An hour after the departure of the students the storekeeper returned home and began to count his receipts.

"Oh, you clumsy fool! What a fool!" cried the storekeeper to his wife as soon as he saw the coupon and noticed imme-HERMAN BERNSTEIN. | diately that it was forged. "Why do you take coupons?"

"You yourself took coupons in my not act like that. I ask you to send it presence, and twelve ruble coupons at that," said the wife, confused, vexed and I am myself desperately in need. Is it ready to cry. "I don't know myself possible that you cannot get it? Yours, how they cheated me, those students," judging from whether you will return she said. "The handsome young man

Mitya went to his mother. That was pon I know and I see what is written But you must have been gazing estation of religiousness, which he con- hearted woman and was unable to refuse, only at the faces of the students, now that

The wife could not endure this and grew "A real man. You condemn only

ent, from which one might construe a because he came and made a noise and others, but you yourself lost 54 rubles at cards, and yet that was nothing."

"I am different." "I don't want to talk to you," said the wife, went into her room and recalled how "Wait, Mitya," she said. "I have no her family did not want her to get married vich that everything was being done to money just now, but I will get it for you to this man, regarding her husband much beneath her in social position, and how with the coupon in his bloated hand. But Mitya was still boiling with rage she alone insisted upon marrying him; difference of her husband toward their ready. Fedor Mikhailovich slammed the row if I need it now? You may as well loss, and how she commenced to hate him it to me. so that she thought it would be good if he died. But on reconsidering this, she he-feit show me where to pawn my watch," he hastened to dress herself and go out, it back to me. When her husband came home, she was from the drawer, put on his coat and dressed and went alone to one of their other sharps acquaintances, a French instructor who had invited them to an evening party. have you

The wife of the dealer in photographer's fty copeks more. The son was silent of perfumed soap and eau de cologne in of the owner of a musical store, a great lover of the game and an excellent player. "That's a trifle, my dear," said Makhin | The cards came lucking to the wife of the

sed three rubles more. Really I would still better," said Makhin, winking one yet?" asked the hostess, who was sitting at the next table. "We will mark him down "What do you mean by something still as the fifth."

"I suppose he is busy with his accounts," said the wife of Yevgeny Mikhailovich. To-night we are settling the bills for pro-

And recalling the scene with her hus band, she frowned and her hands in her "Of course! There are even 1,000 ruble mittens quivered for anger at him. "Talk of the devil and he will come, said the host, turning to Yevgeny, who

"All kinds of affairs," replied Yevgeny Mikhailovich in a cheerful voice, rubbing his hands. And to his wife's surprise he

"Do you know I have passed the cou-Really?"

"Yes, to a peasant for wood." And Yevgeny Mikhailovich told them all with great indignation-his wife inserted some of the details into his story-

how unscrupulous gymnasium students "Well, now to work," he said, sitting he dealt the cards.

And indeed Yevgeny Mikhailovich passed the coupon to the peasant Ivan Mireney for wood.

Ivan Mironov's business consisted of buying in the lumber yards one sagene (a Russian measure equivalent to sever English feet) of wood, which he carted the table his wife said something. The bell rang at the entrance door of to the city and arranged the wood so that m. but he hurled a curt answer so the photographer's supplies store. The he gained a quarter of a sagene. Or this day, which turned out to be unformaintained silence, without lifting store with supplies upon the shelves and tunate for Ivan Mironov, he started our eyes from his plate. They are in showcases upon the counters. An un- early in the morning with an eighth of a silence and then rose silently and went sightly woman with a kindly face came out sagene of wood and after selling it quickly from the rear door and stationing herself he put another load on his wagon, hoping After dinner the gymnasium student behind the counter asked what they to sell it, but he carted it about in the city looking for a customer, yet no one wanted to buy it. He met for the most part e table, then removed his uniform "At what price?" asked the lady, quickly experienced city dwellers who at on a jacket. At first the student and skilfully assorting frames of various familiar with the usual tricks of the peasup the outworn Latin grammar, shapes, with her hands in mittens, with ants selling wood, and they did not believe he fastened the door with a hook, swollen finger joints. "This is 50 copeks that he was carting his wood from the ed with his hand the money from and these are more expensive. And this village, as he assured them. He became the into the drawer, took out a one is very pretty, a new style, a ruble very hungry, he was chilled in his outworn short fur coat and his torn jacket; "Well, give me this one. Can't you toward evening the cold reached twenty sat over the grammar and his note-make it cheaper? Wouldn't you take a degrees. His little horse, which he did not pity because he was about to sell it. "This is a one price store," said the stopped. So that Ivan Mironov was ready to sell his wood at a loss, when he m and to recall everything that . "Very well then," said Makhin, placing met Yevgeny Mikhailovich, who had ppened between him and his father. the coupon upon the counter. "Let me stepped into a cigar store for tobacco

"Take it, sir; I'll let you have it cheap

My horse has stopped " "Where do you come from?" "From the village. My own wood; good, dry wood."

"We know you Well, how much will vou take?"

Ivan Mironov asked a high price, then

"I am doing this only for you, sir, because it is near." he said.

Yevgeny Mikhailovich did not dicker he would pass the coupon Somehow Ivan Mironov managed to drag the wood into the yard, pulling the shafts himself, and then he unloaded it in the barn. At first Ivan Mironov hesitated to take the coupon, but Yevgeny Mikhailovich persuaded him, and he appeared to him Ivan Mironov. to be such a man of importance that he

agreed to take it. Entering through the back door into the maid servants' room, Ivan Mironov "However, wait a while, I'll go and ask my more it made the sign of the cross, thawed off wife whether she bought any wood yes- did see. the icicles on his beard and, turning up terday." purse, from which he took out eight rubles immediately called the janitor, a hand-year he gave his father less and less, and you are cluding me. Honest people do them and they came out into the street. and put it into his purse.

Makhin went to the theatre, while the little mare, which was doomed to they bought no wood from any peasants. Mitya went to Grushetsky and settled death and which was hardly able to move her legs, beating her not with the whip gave him a forged coupon. A stupid everything was rough, gray, poor, slov- Proshka, bring a lantern." but with the stick; thus he drove off in

his empty cart to the tavern. having warmed himself so that he was even perspiring, talked with the janitor who was sitting at his table in the happiest frame of mind. He talked with him and told him that he came from the village of face, shook his hair and smiled lightly. Vasilyevsky, about twelve miles from the from his father and his brothers. what to say." to school and was no help to him. He "Just think of it. What a hog! He and the running the cash. "When I take a cou
Mive went to the sent to the pantor stuck to their state, and the following day to sell his juded mare and that they never bought any wood and that the would perhaps buy a little from peasants. The policeman took Ivan the police, the counting the cash. "When I take a cou
Mive went to the janitor stuck to their state, and sent out his police. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the police was and the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to their state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor stuck to the pantor state. The policeman took Ivan the pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state. The pantor state was a pantor state wa suit him. He told him that he had twenty- charge that he had forged the coupon. four rubles and that half his money was ishing it right there at the bar. Ivan drunk and with a disfigured face. Mironov handed the coupon to the waiter waiter brought no change; a bald-

> "Your money is no good," he said, started to sob loudly. she recalled her deceased child, the in- showing the coupon but not returning it.

> > "If it is counterfeit money then give

not there. Without waiting for him, she lesson. You have forged it together with

wance of three rubles for his amuse- women and always had money. He lived Pole, gave a formal tea with sweet pastry. Ivan Mironov was tipsy. And when deceived. ments. Fedor Mikhailovich frowned, at his aunt's house. Mitya knew that and after that the people seated them- he was tipsy he was turbulent. He

"Here is ten rubles for you, and let me Having thanked the gentleman, accord- wood was last taken, he should say that women than his wife. With every passing "Is that you, Peter Nikolayevich? The ing to the custom. Ivan Mironov drove it came from the lumber yard and that year Vasily forgot ever more and more men are coming right away.

the janitor five rubles.

told him all about his circumstances. He as he looked at the bill, then at Yevgeny's Dom. In the village he could not see

"Of course they are a stupid lot.

and that he now lived with his wife and No matter how much Ivan Mironov learned people, consequently people who two children, the elder of whom was going pleaded tearfully with Yevgeny to admit know the real laws, live for their own ing? that the coupon was his and with the jan- pleasure. And all is well. told him that he was lodging in the city iter to substantiate his words both Yevhorse if he should see one that would Mironov back to the police station on the

Only at the advice of a drunken scribe, in the form of a coupon. He took out the Ivan Mironov, after giving five rubles false oath, which brought him no harm, coupon and showed it to the janitor. to the police inspector, managed to elude notwithstanding his fear, but on the Rascals, they are all rascals. Now I am The janitor was an illiterate man, but he the guards without his coupon and with contrary brought him ten rubles, he going to handle you differently." that he had changed such money seven rubles instead of the twenty-four felt altogether convinced that there for tenants, that the money was good, he had the day before. Ivan Mironov but that there were counterfeits, and spent three rubles of the seven on therefore advised him to make sure by drink and returned home to his wife dead he had lived and thus he continued to already in their places. One, Mashka,

His wife was pregnant and sick. She her away; she commenced to beat him. and wherever he could he started to steal savtchik was driven mercilessly and Without answering he lay down on the money and valuable things from the killed; his hide was sold for three rubles. headed clerk with a glossy face came over sleeping board, his face downward, and homes of the tenants, and then he stole Ivan Mironov was the leader of the whole

Only on the following morning his wife "It is good money; a gentleman gave understood what had happened and, believing her husband, cursed the cutthroat storekeeper who had cheated her Ivan. And Ivan, after sobering up, recalled what the workman with whom he was drinking a poorly paying position as janitor in a for a long time, and he would have spent the night before had advised him, and he "No, my dear, we must teach you a decided to see a lawyer and complain.

"Sidar, call over the assistant," the because he believed Ivan's story and he

Both the plaintiff and the defendant

the law of the village and familiarized "There is a peasant here saying that I himself with the ways of the city. There peasant-God knows what he is saying- enly; here everything was refined, good, but you are a man of understanding. You clean, rich, in perfect order. And he and they entered the stable Stepan At the tavern Ivan Mironov ordered better say that we buy our wood only felt ever more and more convinced understood at once. eight copeks worth of wine and tea, and at the lumber yard. And I was going to that the village folks lived without any give this to you long ago for a jacket," understanding, like beasts of the forests. The lock is broken." Yevgeny Mikhailovich added, handing while here in the city there were real people. He read books by good authors. Vasily took the money, his eyes flashed novels; he went to see plays at the Narodny it even in his dreams. In the village the tchik is gone." It's old people say: Live lawfully with your city, that he had received his share of their ignorance. Don't worry. I know wife, work, don't eat too much, don't Nikolayevich said nothing; he frowned and display elegant clothes; while here wise,

Before the incident with the coupon Vasily did not believe that the city people was such a law. But after the incident with the coupon, and mainly after his vich. should live for his own pleasure. Thus chases he made for the tenants, but the other, Pyostry, was exchanged at a and asked him to bring the change, but started to scold her husband; he pushed that was not sufficient for all his expenses, peasant's some forty miles away; Krainstead he discharged him.

Vasily did not feel like returning home: the affair. he remained in Moscow with his sweet- After his misfortune with the forged heart, looking for a position. He found coupon Ivan Mironov kept drinking store. Vasily took the position. During on drink everything if his wife did not the second month he was caught stealing hide from him the horse collars, his bags. The storekeeper did not complain, clothes and everything else that he could VIII. he simply gave Vasily a beating and drink away. Throughout his drunken-turned him out. After this affair he ness Ivan Mironov constantly thought because of the money he could get but could find no other place; he was spending not only of the man who had injured his money, then his clothes commenced him but of all those small and big gentleto wear out, and the end was that he men who live by cheating people of manner in which the peasant had been remained with only one shabby coat and Ivan's type. One day Ivan Mironov a pair of trousers. His sweetheart was drinking with peasants who came dropped him. But Vasily did not lose from the neighborhood of Podolsk. On his bold, cheerful disposition, and when the way the intoxicated peasants told him spring arrived he started for his home in how they had stolen horses from a peasant. the village on foot.

Peter Nikolayevich Sventitsky, a small, thick set man, wearing dark eyeglasses this eyes were sore and he was threatened with complete blindness), awoke as usual glass of tea put on a little fur coat trimmed

and bought a little estate which belonged worked. to a young estate owner who had squan- Ivan Mironov went over to Sventitsky dered his fortune. Peter Nikolayevich was under the pretext of getting employmentof an ancient family of nobles, a large, he did find out that there was no watchstout, pretty woman who gave him no man, that the horses were kept in enchildren. Peter Nikolayevich was in all closures in the stables, he brought the matters a thorough and persistent man. thieves over and did the whole work. Knowing nothing about the management of an estate the was the son of a Polish Podolsk peasants, Ivan Mironov came noble), he nevertheless managed things home with five rubles. There was so well that the ruined estate of 300 acres nothing to be done at home; he had no within ten years became a model estate. horse, and since that time Ivan Mironov All his buildings, from the house to the began to keep company with the horsebarn and the shed over the fire pump, thieves and the gypsies. were sound, solid, covered with iron and painted in time. In the barn where the ools were kept the wagons, ploughs and harrows stood in proper order and the harness was properly greased. His horses were not large, almost all of his own stud. of a roan color, well fed, strong, one by one. The threshing machine was working in a covered barn; the feed was kept in a separate barn; the manure was dripping down into a paved ditch. The cows were also of his own stock, not large, but good milk cows; his hogs were also of a good breed. There was a poultry yard nd he had particularly good laying hens. His fruit orchard was properly coated and planted. Everything everywhere was solid, clean, orderly and showed the igns of prudent management. Peter Nikolavevich rejoiced in his management and was proud of the fact that he had achieved everything not by oppressing the peasants but on the contrary by strict justice toward the population. Even among the nobles he held rather a liberal than conservative view and always defended the people before the estate owners. If you will be good to them is true he did not overlook the blunders and mistakes of the workmen, sometimes at his place were the best, the wages were always paid on time and on holidays he

gave them vodka. Walking cautiously on the melting snow this was in February-Peter Nikolayevich turned past the stable toward the hut where the workmen lived. It was still with outward calm the words of the oath dark. The fog made it still darker, but there was a light in the window of the workmen's hut. The workmen were getting up. It was his intention to hurry By order they were to go with a team of six horses for the last wood in the grove.

"What is this?" he thought, noticing the open door of the stable. "Eh. who is there?"

No one answered. Peter Nikolayevich entered the stable

"Eh, who is there?" No one answered. It was dark; it was the horse did not lie down. The horse took two measures of oats at the inn.

he thought. They did not harness it, for drinks. Peter Nikolayevich learned of it the sleds were all still there. Peter Niko- and sued him for it. The Judge sentenced layevich went out of the door and shouted | Proshka to three months imprisonment.

Stepan was the foreman among the workmen He was just coming out of the

"Yau!" responded Stepan cheerfully. From prison Proshka returned home

"Why is the stable open?" "The stable? I don't know Eh,

Proshka came running with a lantern

"Thieves were here, Peter Nikolayevich.

"You lie!" "They've taken them away, the thieves. Mashka is gone. Yastreb is gone. No. Yastreb is here. Pyostry is gone. Krasav-

Three horses were missing. Peter breathed heavily.

"Oh, if I caught him! Who was watch-

"Petka. Petka must have been sleep-

Peter Nikolayevich notified the police. "Nasty crowd," said Peter Nikolaye-

"This is what they have done! Have I not been kind to them? Wait!

The three roan colored horses were At first he made profit on pur- was sold to the gypsies for eighteen rubles; a pocketbook from Yevgeny Mikhailovich. affair. He had worked for Peter Nikolaye-Yevgeny caught him, but did not sue him; vich and knew his ways and he decided to get his money back. So he managed

Ivan Mironov began to scold the horsethieves for harming a peasant.

"It is a sin," he said; "to a peasant a horse is like a brother, while you made him unfortunate. If you steal horses, steal them from the masters. These dogs deserve it." As they walked on they kept speaking, and the Podolsk peasants told him that it was hard to steal horses before daybreak and after drinking a from the masters. One must know the ways, and without an inside man nothing with lambskin and went out to look after can be done. It was then that Ivan Mironov thought of Sventitsky, for whom he Peter Nikolayevich had been a custom had worked; he recalled that Sventitsky house officer and had saved up 18,000 while paying him withheld a ruble and a rubles. About twelve years ago he was half for breaking a tool; he recalled also retired, not exactly of his own free will. the little roan horses on which he had

married when he still held his office. His but in reality for the purpose of examining wife was a poor orphan, a descendant and finding out everything. And when

Peter Nikolavevich Sventitsky made the most strenuous efforts to find the thief. have been done. Therefore he began to suspect his own people, and inquiring of the workmen as to who had been away from home that night he learned that Proshka Nikolayev had stayed away Proshka was a young man who had just returned from military service, a handsome, clever fellow whom Peter Nikolayevich used as a coachman when he went driving. The commission of the rural police was a friend of Pager's; Peter knew also the district inspector, the mar shal and the chief of the district police and the district attorney. All these people used to come to his birthday parties and they knew his exquisite liquors and salted mushrooms, white, brown and golden brown. They all felt sorry for him and all tried to help him.

"You see, you are defending the peasants," said the district inspector. "I was right when I said that they were worse than beasts. Without the knout and the cane you can't do anything with them. So you say it was Proshka, the one who goes driving with you as coachman?

"Yes, that's the one." "Bring him over here." Proshka was called in and they com-

menced to question him. Proshka shook his hair and flashed his

At home." "How were you home if all the work-

men testify that you were away?" "As you please. "It isn't a question of what I please,

but where were you?" "At home." "Very well, then. Officer, take him to

the station. And Proshka did not tell where he had

been. He did not tell because he had been at his friend Parasha's house and hest promised not to betray her, and he did not betray her. There was no evidence soft under foot and there was the smell against Proshka, so he was released. But of manure. On the right near the door Peter Nikolayevich was convinced that it there usually stood a pair of young roan was the work of Proshka and began to horses. Peter Nikolayevich stretched out despise him. One day Peter Nikolayevich, and shaking his head and sighing he his hand; it was empty there. He taking Proshka along as his coach man, stretched out his foot to find out whether sent him for a relay. Proshka, as usual,

He gave a measure and a half to the horses "Where did they take the horse away?" and for the other half measure he bought Proshka was an egoist. He considered himself above other people and was proud of himself. The prison at once degraded him. He could no longer be proud before

the people, and he lost his courage.

BYTHE COUNT LEO

THE ORIGINAL BY

to me immediately by this messenger. the money or not, hatefully or respect- looked so comme il faut."

his last hope. His mother was a kind upon it. deted a remnant of superstitions, re- and she would perhaps have helped him, you are getting old." med home from court in the most ill but she was alarmed that day by the empered frame of mind. The Governor illness of the younger son, the two-year- angry herself, ad written to him a most stupid docu- old Petva. She grew angry at Mitva

ted dishonestly. Fedor Mikhailovich He muttered something under his grew very angry and immediately wrote breath and walked out. She felt sorry for her son and called him back.

to-morrow.

"What is the use of getting it to-mor-

He walked out, slamming the door There is no other way out; he will gymnasium student of the fifth grade, thought, feeling the watch in his pocket.

Mitya took the coupon and the change

It was customary that every first of Makhin was a gymnasium student t was customary that every first of Makhin was a gymnasium student V. man in charge of the refreshment bar was wrought up over the unscrupulous month the father gave his son an with mustaches. He played cards, knew manner in which the peasant had been ok out his pocketbook, looked a while Makhin was a bad fellow, but when he selves at several tables to play whist. nd drew out a coupon of two rubles was with him he was involuntarily under d a half; then he took out the purse his influence. Makhin was at home, about supplies sat down with the host, an officer there he kept his silver and counted out to go to the theatre. There was the scent and an old, deaf lady in a wig, the widow

his unclean little room. after Mitya had told him of his mis-dealer in photographer's supplies, and she fortune, had shown him the coupon gave them a slam twice. Near her stood "I would not have asked, but I bor- and the fifty copeks and said that he a plate with grapes and pears and she rowed upon my word of honor: I prom- needed nine rubles. "You may pawn was in a happy frame of mind. I your watch, and you may do something "Why isn't Yevgeny Mikhailovich here

> better?" "It is very simple." Makhin took the coupon "Make a 1 in front of the 2 50 and you, visions and for wood."

Are there such coupons?"

Petrov and Ivanitsky are getting fifty coupons. I passed one like that." Impossible "Well, shall I go ahead?" said Makhin, had entered. "Why so late?" ave as you do you will become a scoun- taking the pen and outstretching the

> "Indeed." thought Mitva, as he recalled his father scolding him, calling him pon? "scoundrel." "oow I will be a scoundrel."

looked at him, smiling calmly. "Well, shall I go ahead?" "Go ahead."

Makhin carefully drew a 1. "Now we will go to a store. There is had cheated his wife. hallovich did not intend to strike photographers' supplies. By the way, I down by the table when his turn came, and

> He took out a photograph of a big eyed girl with long hair and a splendid bust. "Isn't she a peach? Eh?" "Yes, yes. Of course --"
> "Very simple. Come."

At last," he said, "but now I am not | Makhin dressed himself and both went out together.

med to his room, took from his pocket wanted. non and the change, threw them "A good frame, madam."

led all the abusive words his father have the frame and the change, but make on his way home. d especially his angry face, as if it quick, we may be late for the theatre." "You have time yet," said the lady and

> "It will look pretty in this frame, eh?" "Haven't you any other money?" asked the saleslady. "That's the trouble that we haven't.

My father gave it to me and I have to at the regular price. "Haven't you a ruble and 20 copeks?" "I have 50 copecks. Are you afraid we

"No. I am not."

"Well, then, give it back to me, we'll get it cashed elsewhere." How much change do I owe you? "Eleven rubles and some copeks. The saleslady clicked the counting board, opened the cash drawer, took out

"Please wrap this up," said Makhin, taking the money slowly. "Right away. The saleslady wrapped the frame the fold of his coat, drew out a leather

were seized the clerk by the collar and shouted: appeared in court and Vasily, the jani-"Give it back to me. I will go to the man tor, was the witness. There the same who gave it to me. I know where he is." scene was enacted. Ivan Mironov spoke

"GET OUT! YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING. GO:

official he listened to what the trouble before, appearing outwardly calm. was and decided immediately. "To the police station."

VII. police station with drunkards and thieves. he would tell the whole truth. Almost at noon he was called before the | The end of the case was that the Judge

When the policeman called the storekeeper and presented to him the coupon he should be more careful in making and Ivan Mironov, who identified him as accusations against honorable people and

surprised, then stern.

time I see him." "It's a sin. sir; we are going to die," said walked out of the court room. have been sleepy. You sold it to some-body else," said Yevgeny Mikhailovich, pened which no one saw, but which was "However, wait a while, I'll go and ask my more important than anything people

Mitya drew his breath only after the and fifty kopeks and gave him the change; some, unusually strong and clever dandy, did not send for his wife, as he did not send that if any one should ask him where the the city as he wanted, and much neater

The clerk tore himself away from Ivan of God, and of the fact that we are all they will be good to you, he argued. It Mironov and his blouse began to crack. | mortal. Yevgeny Mikhailovich, though "Ah, that's what you are doing? Hold tormented by the consciousness of the vileness and the danger of what he was he even pushed them and demanded more The waiter seized Ivan Mironov and a doing, could no longer alter his testimony work; but therefore the lodgings and food policeman appeared immediately. As an and he continued to deny everything as The janitor, Vasily, received ten rubles more and with a smile calmly declared

The policeman put the coupon in his that he had never before seen Ivan Miropocketbook and took Ivan Mironov, to- nov. And when he was led to take an gether with his horse, to the police station. oath, though inwardly afraid, he repeated as the old priest uttered them, swearing Ivan Mironov passed the night at the by the cross and the sacred Gospel that

police inspector. The inspector examined found against Ivan Mironov, dismissing him and sent him with a policeman to the his complaint, and ordered him to pay dealer in photographer's supplies. Ivan five rubles costs, which Yevgeny Mikhailhe reduced, and finally gave it to him Mironov remembered the street and the ovich magnanimously declined. On discharging Ivan Mironov the Judge reprimanded him, saying that in the future very much, rejoicing at the thought that the same man who had given him the should be grateful that he was excused coupon, Yevgeny Mikhailovich first looked from paying the costs and that he was not prosecuted for slander, for which "What's the matter with you? It seems he would go to jail for three months. you are out of your wits. This is the first "Thank you humbly," said Ivan Mironov

> All this seemed to have ended well for "What has happened to him? You must Yevgeny and his janitor Vasily. But was not there.

Vasily had left his village more than Yevgeny Mikhailovich went out and two years ago and lived in the city. Each a jolly fellow named Vasily, and told him need her. He knew as many women in hut.

"Eh. Stepan!"